[1]

THE Hawkers Lamentation IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN Nick and Humphry.

Nicholas

AH! *Humphry* what ſhall we do now? we are utterly undone, our Trade is quite ſpoil'd, all the News is laid down: The *Mercurys*, the *Intelligences*, the *Courants*, the *Loyal*, and the *Impartials*, all's gone, Vaniſhed of a ſuddain; Prithee what doſt think of it? we may now go Hang our ſelves.

Hump. Think! I know not what to think, I'le go and get ſome body to write our *Lamentation*, or make a *Balad* and ſet it to ſome Lamentable Tune, and Sing it my ſelf; Sure the People will buy it out of meer commiſeration; for we have ſerv'd them faithfully, trudg'd through thick and thin, in Fair and Foul Weather, Rain and Snow, brought them News of all ſorts and ſizes, cut an dry'd, to their Doors, we had them ready for every Party, for the *Torys* what would pleaſe them, for the *Whiggs* what would Tickle them; Loyalty, Treaſon, Truth, Lyes, Orthodox, Sedition, ſhuffl'd together for all Cuſtomers: well a day, and all this gone of a ſuddain.

Nick. They never think what we Poor Men ſhall do, to put us by our Lawful Vocations, getting our Penny hardly, by the waiſting of Lungs, Sucking in the Foggy Air of *November*: Do they intend we ſhall fall to Picking of Purſes?

Hump. That we did before, but it was in a lawful way: well, I ſay, would there were an Act for Licencing again, then for the half Crown charge we might cry again all ſorts of Lyes with Authority. Well Friend *Nick*, I thought not to have ſeen this day: The Loyal *Thompſon* is alſo fallen with the reſt: I thought he might have held up, I have got many a Penny by him. Nay, the *Papiſtical* Pamphlets begin to Flagg: We have now no way left but to our Prayers, I ſay *Nick* to your Prayers, that the Pope and the Devil would put it into the Hearts of the *Papiſts* to beget another Plot; that would do our buſineſs.

Nick. Nay that was well thought of, we have got ſweetly by the late Popiſh *Plot*, it was a moſt certain income to us, and well improved. It is an ill Wind that blows no body good, it is good Fiſhing in troubled Waters; but the longeſt day I ſee will have an end; who ever ſuffer'd, we got a livelyhood, and therefore ſince it is Intereſt that Sways the World, I know not why we ſhould not Pray to have a livelyhood, for truly Knaves and Fools being the moſt numerous, we got ſweetly by them.

Hump. You ſay right Friend, for I never got any thing by a Wiſeman in my Life; I always went empty handed from their Doors. But what ſay you to a *Presbyterian Plot*.

Nick. Nay any Plot in the World, tho it were but a Plot of the Apprentices, or of the Butchers to burn the *Pope*, there would be Money got by it, the very

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very name of a Plot would be a Revenue to us, let it be true or false.

Hump. We got well enough by the *Presbyterian* Plot, let me tell you, *pro* and *Con*, either side brought in the Penny. But they say they will not suffer the Pope to be Burnt any more.

Nick. Well if they but Hang him in Effigies, we shall have some three half penny Poet or other make a Coppy of Verses, or a Dialogue of it, and we shall get by it.

Hump. What think you of Inventing one among our selves of the great *Turk*, and the *French* King, they say they have a very great Plot in Hand against *Christendome*.

Nick. I like it well, provided we could bring this Plot into *England*; can't we get two Friends to send to some of your out-Lyers to send us this Plot out of *Holland*, there would be Fools enough to believe and buy it, and we should be sure to get Money enough by it.

Hump. Why truly Friend *Nicholas*, I see you understand whats what, and you talke like many of our Coffee-house Statesmen; any thing I say for an honest livelyhood. Are not you acquainted with some Familiar?

Nick. Familiar! Bless us! What mean you: I have no Trade or Commerce with the Devil, I would not willingly give my Soul to *Belzebub* neither, nor go a Hauking after his Imps to get a Penny: I have some conscience Brother.

Hump. You mistake me, I mean acquainted with those that write *Dialogues* between the *Pope* and the *Devil*, and were so well acquainted with the Language of Hell; why all their words smelt of *Brimstone*, and they were as Familiar with *Lucifer*, as if they had been his Secretaries, for a matter of Eighteen Pence, one of these Familiars would write us a *Dialogue* and discover all the Intreagues of the *Cabal* both of *Hell* and *Rome*, and raise up the *Ghost* of some new Hellish Plot that would get us Mony.

Nick. If that be it you mean, I am for you, I know a certain Ragamuffin that lives by knawing of Mouldy *Cheese* like a *Rat*, and he may be dealt with on that occasion.

Hump. And he shall be our great *Apollo*.

Nick. But Friend *Humphry*, may I ask you without offence, what Religon you are of.

Hump. Religion! I am of the Religion that most Men are of, the Religion that's uppermost: Interest and Gain; do'st not thou see it plainly the Religion of wiser Men than we are? what do'st talke so Ridiculously of Conscience or Religion; is it for us to busie our selves with those matters? they are beyond our comprehension: Let us doe as others doe, be of all Religions, of every Faction, and really of none, for when gain fails, there lies both Religion and Faction too in the Dirt, they shrink their Necks out of the Yoak, and seek to save their Bacon. What's become of the Crouds that use to fill the Coffee-houses? our Trade began to dwindle before this great downfall, it was but a bad *Omen*.

Nick. You speak profoundly, see what it is to converse with Men. Well, I never was of any Faction in my Life, of no Party, Church or Religion, but I knew my Customers: Here Sir said I, here is a most excellent *Tory* Song, a most Rare *Dialogue* between two Parters, of the little Man you wot of: Here is a spick and span New Coppy of Verses Hot out of *Thompsons* Press, concerning the *Whiggs* Plot: Here is a Pipeing Hot peace of *Tory* Loyalty; and here is a secret Pamphlet with a Vizard on't, wrote by a *Jesuite*: Then to another Customer, out of my other Budget, Oh Sir, here is an Impartial Intelligence, great News of a New Plot at *Rome*: Here is a no *Presbyterian* Plot Printed in *Cornhil*: Here is *Dick*'s ---- News; here is a Pacquet, and a witty *Courant*. Here is my Lord ------ Vindication, the Noble Peers Speech. Here is a little Pamphlet full of Loyalty and Treason, keep that secret, it comes by the Penny-Post, come Sir quickly, I am in hast, my Fellows will be before me and spoil my Market. O *Hump.* These were Golden days, but they are gone, and nothing now must be sold but Loyalty.

Hump. Pray therefore good *Nick* for another Plot, for we shall starve by Truth and Loyalty. Alas! the *L--- Gazet* I am afraid won't find us *Bread* and *Cheese*. I say we have got more by the *Pope* and the *Devil*, than ever we shall get by all the *Loyalty* in *Christendome*, and so farewell.

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